

THE
LADIES'
WEEKLY MUSEUM,
OR
POLITE REPOSITORY
OF
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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NO. 6.

THE
FORTUNE-HUNTER,

(Continued.)

OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE
FIRE.

Tho' marriages are never made in heaven,
Yet when the biter's bit, the match is even.

MADemoiselle had laid the scene for this interview, in a little room just within the gate of Mr. Commerce's back yard, where his clerks used to pay the porters and draymen, and such people as they did not think it necessary to have come into the counting-house; for her utmost assurance did not rise so high as to propose to her to go any where from home to meet him. In this room there was a fire every day at this time of the year, which Amanda's maid readily undertook to keep up; and the light of that she deemed sufficient for lovers.

Accordingly our hero repaired to the gate, and finding the wicket upon the latch, entered without hesitation and went into the room as he was directed. As he had been obliged to out stay his appointed time by his unfortunate adventure at Mrs. Commode's, he was not much surprised that his kind conductress, the maid, did not meet him,

and concluded that as the door was still left open she would soon attend him. He had not sat long meditating a tender speech for the occasion when St. Paul's struck twelve. The solemn sound had something so awful in it, as it swung slowly through the stillness of the night, that it struck his imagination, always apt to startle, and at present not unjustly alarmed, with a thousand fears. — Goblins, spectres, and all that train of bug-bears arose instantly before his affrighted fancy, which improved them so industriously, that he would actually have deserted his mistress and taken to his heels, had he dared to stir, or turn his eyes from the glimmering light of the fire to go to the door.

When he had been some time in this condition, a noise under the room, in which he was, realized all his terrors. He started from his stupefaction, and involuntarily turning his head about, saw the floor open, and a grisly spectre, all daubed with the grime and filth of the grave, rear his horrid head, and fix his ghastly eyes upon him. This banished every thought but fear. He roared aloud with all his might, and threw himself on his face upon the floor that he might not be tortured with the dreadful sight again, where he lay in agonies not to be described.

Just at that moment Mr. Commerce, with Eusebius in the disguise of a ser-

vant were coming as if on other business to have apprehended him. If they were surprised to hear him cry out, how much more must they have been to find him stretched out on the floor, and invoking all the saints in heaven to deliver him. Mr. Commerce advancing towards him, sternly demanded of him who he was, and what was his business there; but he could receive no other answer, but cries for mercy, denials of the murder, and adjurations to retire to the bottom of the Red-sea. Not being able to conceive what could be the meaning of this, other than a finesse to escape from him, he bid Eusebius seize the fellow, and make him arise from the ground, who accordingly stooping to lay hold of him, was so struck with the consequences of Mrs. Commode's cordial, which the distressed knight's fear had made operate most powerfully, that he started back from him, and clapping his handkerchief to his nose, "bless me (said he) what can have put the wretch in this condition? Something must have terrified him severely, to have had such a filthy effect."—Then giving him a push with his foot, "Get up (continued he) this instant, or I'll call in the watch, and they will make you."—The sound of a second voice, and the mention of the watch, which he thought a spirit would have had no occasion to call to for assistance, encouraged the prostrate hero to open his eyes, when seeing the light of the candle which they had brought, he ventured to raise his head, and on the sight of Mr. Commerce, whom he knew, instantly perceived that his danger was not much less than what he had apprehended from the spectre, not that his fears of that were entirely over either.

However, he thought proper to obey Eusebius's command, without waiting for the alternative, and rising slowly (though not very majestically) as high as his knees, he begged Mr. Commerce's forgiveness of the injury he had designed him, and most solemnly assured him he never would pursue the scheme any farther. While he was speaking, Eusebius observed him turn his eyes every

moment, with the strongest signs of terror, toward a corner of the room where was a trap door, through which things were let down into the cellar. Not being able to conceive what could be the meaning of this, Eusebius looked closely at the door, and saw that it was opened; before, therefore, Mr. Commerce had time to reply to his supplications, "What's the meaning of this? how came this door open?" (said Eusebius, going toward it) "Oh! take care! (cried the affrighted lover, in all the agonies of dismay) "take care! through that hole it arose."—"What arose? (interrupted Mr. Commerce) "what terrifies you in this manner? what arose through that hole?"—"The ghost! the ghost of the murdered man."—"So then! that was the affair! the fears of a guilty conscience raised a ghost, forsooth, to terrify you into this nasty pickle!" (continued Mr. Commerce who now began to perceive the fragrance of the perfumes that breathed around him)—"it is well, if there is not something worse than a ghost in the affair," (said Eusebius, who had been examining the trap-door) "I am confident, Sir, that there are thieves in the cellar; for I, myself bolted up this door this afternoon. If you please then therefore to call up John, I will take care of this gentleman and watch the trap-door too, till you return with him, and then I will go into the cellar at the door, and secure whoever is there. I suppose it was one of them, that this gentleman took for a ghost, and was so affrighted at, as we found him."—"Sir," (said our hero, who now began to recover his spirits, and perceived that this affair if properly improved, might possibly procure his escape, not that his fears of the ghost were entirely removed) "I will not positively say what it was I saw; but some most dreadful figure raised its head out of that place; but whether it sunk down again, or vanished any other way, I really do not know, for my fears were so strong that I had not power to take notice."—"I perceive by the effects, that they were strong indeed, (returned Eusebius) "however, we have

something of more consequence than you or your fears to mind at present." Here John (for Amanda had called him when she heard her lover roar, and sent him to see what was the matter, not thinking it proper that she or her maid should be seen) "take this iron bolt, and hinder any person's coming up this trap-door; and you, Sir, if you are not afraid of a living man as well as of a ghost come along with me, and merit the pardon you desire."

The hero, though he had no great stomach to visit those subterraneous regions, put the best face he could upon the affair, and drawing his sword (as Eusebius did a pistol, with which Mr. Commerce had obliged him to come provided) told him he was ready to follow him to the gates of —. "Take care child! said Mr. Commerce to Eusebius, take care what you do. I think you had better call the watch, for fear of any accident."—"Never fear Sir, answered Eusebius, never fear! as they must know that it is impossible for them to escape, they will not dare to make resistance: beside the watch, if not perhaps in league with them, would be only an hindrance to us to apprehend them, poor decrepid creatures, enfeebled with age and want. Come along Sir, follow me: for I do not chuse to have you in the wind of me; and remember that your deliverance from the scrape you are in, depends upon your behaviour." Saying this, he went out and our hero, who did not think it proper to dispute the post of honor with him, gallantly marched in his rear.

As soon as they entered these gloomy caverns, the idea of the ghost returned so fast upon our adventurer, that it set Mrs. Commode's cordial working once more; the savory effects of which Eusebius instantly perceiving, "Good God, said he, what can be the matter with you? sure you see no ghost now to frighten you into such a condition!"—"I don't know what I see (answered the other, grinning with the griping of his bowels, and half dead with shame and fear) but I feel myself in such a condition, as I never was before in my

life! Sir! Sir! In the name of the father!—Ave Maria!—I believe in God! Oh, Sir! Sir! there it is! there it is! look, look!"—Eusebius turning suddenly about at this alarm, saw him standing with his hands raised up in a suppliant posture, his sword fallen to the ground, his knees knocking together, and his eyes fixed in horror upon a fellow, who had squatted between two hogsheads, and looked at him with equal fright.

Eusebius, who at the first view knew the ghost to be no other than one of the porters, who worked for Mr. Commerce, could not avoid, enraged as he was at the fellow's villainy, bursting out into a violent fit of laughter: "and is this the ghost that put you into such a fright? My valiant friend," said he, going up to the fellow, and seizing him by the throat, "take courage! I'll lay this ghost, so that he shall never frighten you again! As for you, ungrateful scoundrel, who would rob the master, whose bread you have eaten for so many years, discover your accomplices this minute, or expect no mercy."—"Lord, Master," said the fellow, "don't choak me! I have done no harm!"—"Thanks to the accident that detected you! But I shan't stand to talk to you here! Come, take up your sword, Sir, I suppose you will not be afraid to secure this villain, while I search the cellar for his accomplices." "Afraid! No! I scorn to fear any man alive! Give me hold of him," said the hero, seizing the fellow by the throat, and holding his sword to his breast, "speak, Sirrah! who is with you? how many is your gang? speak this moment, or I'll run you through the heart, and prevent the gallows."—"Gallows! I shall want no gallows to choak me, if you do not loose your hold a little: Master Eusebius bid him let me go: you need not give yourself the trouble of searching the cellar, for there was no body with me."

By this time Mr. Commerce and his man, who over-heard their apprehending the fellow, joined them, when the wretch threw himself upon his knees, and begging for mercy, confessed that he had been tempted by his poverty to

take an opportunity of skulking in the cellar when Eusebius was locking it up, with a design of stealing as much as he was able to carry of the most valuable merchandize, but that when he opened the trap-door, which was only bolted up at the inside. to get away with the booty, the sight of a gentleman in laced clothes, and the scream which he gave, terrified him so that he returned into the cellar, and attempted to hide himself where he was found.

This story, which had every appearance of truth, pacified Mr. Commerce, whose generous heart was above the mean revenge of roining a wretch that in reality had done him no injury. He therefore dismissed him, with proper caution to avoid the like guilt for the future, and an order to come in the morning, and receive whatever wages were due to him, as he should never employ him more, and then turning to our adventurer, "As for you Sir, the robbery you designed is of a more heinous nature, and might justify my taking the severest revenge; but as I think you have already been punished, in the course of the affair sufficiently to shew you the vanity of your undertaking, I dismiss you also, with this caution, that you must expect no mercy, if I ever catch you at any such attempts for the future; and to convince you, that you cannot deceive me, know that the plots of your infamous conductress, Mademoiselle, have been all along known to me, so that the disappointments and misfortunes you have met, have been all prepared for you, and instead of our being the dupes of your designs, you have been the butt of our ridicule and revenge. This I say to you, and hope it may be a warning to you; as for your friend, tell her that I insist she directly breaks up her boarding-school, and returns to her own country, or I will instantly prosecute her to the utmost rigour of the laws; as I should think myself accessory to any ruin she might hereafter work, if I did not put an end to her opportunities of iniquity."

Our unfortunate hero hung down his head, and hearkened to this speech with

inexpressible mortification; and whether he meant to follow the advice of it or not, did not chuse to reply; but as soon as it was ended, made a bow and walked away without saying a word. On his entering his chambers, the council, late as it was, waited for his return, gathered about him with a thousand questions in a breath; but he gave them a sudden dismissal, which some unsavoury circumstances about him made them readily obey. When he had changed his clothes he returned to them, and in a very few words, told them all the particulars of his late adventure. The confusion into which this threw them, is easier to be conceived than expressed, particularly Mademoiselle, who much as she loved her dear country, had contracted an utter aversion to soup-maigre since she came into England.

(To be concluded in our next.)

NARRATIVE OF BONAPARTE.

By WILLIAM WARDEN, Surgeon on board the *Northumberland*.

(Continued.)

ST. HELENA, — —.

MY DEAR — —,

THE arrival of a fleet at the island from India, and which will afford the means of conveying my last letter, has already enabled me to begin another. This circumstance crowded the little town with passengers, who were all, as usual, eager to see Bonaparte. The countess of Loudon disembarked from this fleet; and during her stay at St. Helena, was accommodated at Plantation-House, the residence of the governor. In compliment to this lady a dinner of ceremony was given on the following day, by sir Hudson Lowe; and an invitation was dispatched through general Bertrand to gen. Bonaparte, so arranged in point of politeness and etiquette, as to justify an expectation that it would be accepted. This, however, happened to be the first invitation which he had received; and some remarks passed, that it had rather the appearance of a wish to gratify the countess, than an act of particular civility to the person to whom it was addressed. I know that it was received in this light at Longwood. Count Bertrand delivered the governor's card, which was

read and returned without a word of observation. "Sire," said marshal Bertrand, "what answer is it your majesty's pleasure that I should return?" "Say, the emperor gave no answer."

I passed a considerable part of the afternoon of that day in Napoleon's apartment: and, as usual, was employed in answering, to the best of my information, such as it is, the various questions, which he thought proper to ask me. His enquiries were particularly directed to the nature, circumstances, and state of the fleet which had just arrived: Our trade to India, and the numerous English which appeared to be constantly passing to and fro, between India and Europe. In the course of this conversation I happened to mention the hope entertained by the strangers in the town of being gratified by the sight of him as he passed to the Plantation-House, to dine with the governor. This little piece of information proved to be fort mal a propos, as it produced the only symptom of petulance I had witnessed in my various communications with the ex-emperor; and it was displayed in tone, look, and gesture, in his very brief but hasty reply.—"What, go to dinner, perhaps, with a file of soldiers to guard me?"—In a few minutes, however, he resumed his usual cool manner, and continued the subject.—"After all," he said, "they could not I think, expect me to accept the invitation. The distance is considerable, and the hour unseasonable; & I have almost relinquished the idea of exceeding my chain, accompanied as I must be by an officer."

The countess of Loudon left the island without seeing the ex-emperor, and is said to have acknowledged her disappointment on the occasion; and if I may venture an opinion, but remember it is altogether my own, I think the regret is mutual.

He asked me some days after, if I had seen the countess. I answered in the affirmative; and added, that she had honoured the Northumberland with a visit, and, as it was usual with all visitors to the ship, she was shewn the cabin which he had occupied during the passage. I thought also, it would amuse him to be informed that curious strangers generally chose to indulge their fancy by sitting down in his chair. "And did the countess," said he, "do the chair that honor?" Unfortunately I could not speak with certainty on that item of his inquiry; not having been in the cabin at the time. He seemed, however, to enjoy the whim of sitting in his chair; and continued his questions. "Would it, do you suppose, have appeared indecorous to the people of England, if the countess of Loudon had visited Longwood! Could it have been thought incorrect in any degree, if the lady,

in company with madame Bertrand, had paid me a visit in this garden! Many ladies, on their return to England, have been introduced to me in that manner. Had the countess of Loudon expressed herself fatigued by the voyage, or had been indisposed from any other cause, I should have been pleased to wait on her."—I could only say in return, "that I was a countryman of her ladyship, and if, by any chance, I should have the honor of possessing the opportunity, I would certainly intrude myself so far upon her attention, as to inform her of your polite disposition towards her."—

He now dashed at once on a subject so totally different from any thing you can expect, that I would give your sagacity its full play for the rest of your life, nor fear your stumbling upon it. It was, as usual, in the form of a question, and your impatience will, in a moment, be satisfied:

"Have you," he exclaimed, "any knowledge of physiognomy?"—"Not from study."—"Have you read Lavater?"—"I have read some extracts from his works, and that is all I know of them."—"Can you judge whether a man possesses talents from observing the features of his face?"—"All I can say, general, is this; that I know when a face is pleasing or displeasing to me."—"Ah," he replied in an instant, "there it is—you have found it out. Have you observed sir Hudson Lowe's face?"—"Yes, I have."—"And what does it promise?"—"If I am to speak the truth, I like lady Lowe's much better."—He now laughed, and I was thinking how to get rid of the subject, which had a tendency to be an awkward one, as it might be addressed to me. He, however, gave me no time, and proceeded to draw comparisons between his late and his present guardian: but in a vein of pleasantry, as it appeared, and with such a rapid succession of ideas, that I did not, by any means, comprehend his expressions, or the objects of them.

I happened to be at Longwood, when Mr. Raffles, the late governor of Java, and his suite, obtained permission to visit the grounds at Longwood. The anxiety of that gentleman to see Bonaparte was extreme: his curiosity was a perfect rage, and the utmost was done to accomplish its gratification. In short, though indisposition might have been pleaded, an hour was appointed by the ex-emperor to receive the ex-governor; and the latter had not words to express his delight at the manner in which he had been received.

In a short time after Mr. Raffles had taken leave, I received a message from Napoleon to join him in the garden. On my arrival there I found him surrounded by his whole suite, mesdames and messieurs, with the

carriage drawn up, saddle-horses by it, and all ready for immediate departure. My appearance, however, disarranged their intention: For, instead of stepping into the carriage, the principal person of the scene turned round, as if to address me. I bowed, removed my hat from my head, and instantly replaced it: while the marshals, counts, and general, stood with their hats under their arms. That circumstance did not altogether disturb me; though my gallantry was somewhat embarrassed on account of the ladies, whose petticoats were blowing about them from a smart, and rather unmannerly breeze.—"Do you know," he said, "this governor of Java?"—"I know no more of him than from the introduction of to day."—"Do you know any thing of that island?"—"What I know of it is merely from the information of others."—"The Dutch have represented it as a pestilential climate; but I believe that a more favorable opinion is now entertained of it."—"I believe so: at least we have not found it so bad as, from previous accounts, we had reason to expect."—"Have you ever seen a case of the plague?"—"Never."—"Do you know the disease?"—"My only knowledge of it proceeds from what I have read."—"The army of Egypt suffered much by it; and I had some difficulty in supporting the spirits of many of those who remained free from it. Yet for two years I contrived to keep my soldiers ignorant of what I myself knew. The disease can only be communicated through the organs of respiration."—I replied, "that I had understood actual contact would convey it."—"No:" he said, "I visited the hospital constantly, and touched the bodies of the sick to give confidence to their attendants; being convinced by observation, that the disease could only be communicated by the lungs. At the same time I always took the precaution of visiting after a meal and a few glasses of wine; placing myself on the side of the infected person from which the wind blew"—We must have been at least twenty minutes in conversation, with the suite in all the formality of attendance, when I thought it proper to make some show of retiring; but he would not take the hint, for a considerable time. At length he made a slight bow, and led madame Bertrand to the carriage: he followed; and I stood to see them drive off: observing, however, that there was a vacant seat in the carriage, he hailed me to come and take a ride with them: I, of course, accepted the invitation; and I declare, if it had been a party in a jaunting ear to a country-fair in Ireland, there would not have been more mirth, ease, & affability.

The carriage drove off at a pretty round pace, and the pleasantry of Napoleon seemed to keep pace with it. He began to talk

English; and having thrown his arm half round madame Bertrand's neck, he exclaimed, addressing himself to me, "This is my mistress! O not mistress—yes, yes, this is my mistress!" while the lady was endeavouring to extricate herself, and the count her husband bursting with laughter. He asked if he had made a mistake, and being informed of the English interpretation of the word, he cried out, "O, no, no—I say, my friend, my love: No, not love; my friend my friend." The fact was that madame Bertrand had been indisposed for several days, and he wished to rally her spirits, as well as to give an unreserved ease to the conversation. In short, to use a well-known English phrase—He was the life of the party.

The circuitous windings of the ride at Longwood may extend to five or six miles; and in our progress, with a half comic, half serious countenance, he asked this very unexpected question:—"In the course of your practice, and on your conscience, how many patients have you killed?"—It is not unlikely that I looked a little surprised; but I calmly answered, "My conscience does not accuse me of having caused the death of any one." He laughed, and continued, "I imagine that physicians may mistake diseases, that they may sometimes do too much, at other times too little. After you have treated a case that has terminated fatally, have you not reflected with yourself, and said—well, if I had not bled, or vice versa, if I had bled this man, he would have recovered, or if he had not consulted a physician at all, he might have been now alive."—I made no reply, and he continued his questions.

"Which do you think are the best surgeons, the French or the English?" "The English, undoubtedly." "But wherefore?" "Because our schools are better. There is more system in our education; and the examination is such as to establish the fitness of any candidate for the profession before he is regularly admitted into it." "But in point of practice will you not allow that the French surgeons have the advantage of you?" "In practice, general, the French are empirics, though they do not vend nostrums like our quacks in England. They are, in fact, more guided by experience than theory. But you, sir, have enabled my brethren in the English army to be tolerable proficient in field practice." Napoleon smiled at my reply, and immediately proceeded to a question, which, though it is not altogether disconnected with the former subject, I did not expect. It was this—"Who is your first physician in London?" "That is an enquiry which I did not expect, and cannot take upon myself to answer: there are so many physicians of eminence

there, that it would be hazardous to mention a favourite name." "But have you no particular person in the profession that takes the lead?" "No, indeed; there are, it is true, fashionable physicians, who have their run for a season or two, or even three; but I could not give the preference to one, without doing injustice to fifty. I could, I think, more particularly distinguish eminent surgeons." "What is the general fee?"—"That frequently depends on the rank and fortune of the patient." "What is the highest that you have ever known?" "I really cannot give a precise answer to that question: no particular sum in that way at present occurs to me. Handsome fortunes are sometimes acquired by practice in a few years; but that falls to the lot of but few, whom particular circumstances, and distinguished patronage, as well as professional skill, have raised into great celebrity."—"When Corvesart attended my wife, the empress Maria Louisa, on the birth of my son, he was ordered three thousand Napoleons. I wished, at one time, that the empress should be bled, according to your practice, but Corvesart refused: she was in a very full habit. You are much employed on shore, are you not, as well as on board of ships?" "I am sometimes asked to visit the patients of my friends." "Do they pay you well?" "I have never yet accepted of a fee. While, I serve, I am satisfied with my pay." "What does your king allow you?" "Two hundred and twenty pounds a year. You have been all your life at sea, have you not?" "I have, indeed; and during a space of near twenty years."—"Does your king provide for you afterwards?" "Yes, sir, he does. At the expiration of six years service, he allows me, provided I am no longer in employ, six shillings a day; but that sum is not increased for any subsequent service, until I have completed thirty years." "That, I think, is not an adequate remuneration." "I think so too, general; however, I have no right to complain, because I knew the conditions before I engaged; and, in England, we are never obliged to do so against our inclinations." "Is it not very expensive living in the island of St. Helena?" "Very much so: a stranger cannot board under thirty shillings a day." "How, then, do you contrive to live?" "At present, by the hospitality of a very kind and generous friend; and occasionally, I have recourse to the fare of the Northumberland." He continued his questions, and I my replies, as you will perceive. "The army must be an enormous expense to your government, is it not?"—"Not more, I trust, than it can maintain. It is, I fancy, greater than the navy." "But from what cause?" "The expense of the

army is oftentimes, and indeed necessarily increased, I conceive from its local situation." "And why not the navy?" "The latter is merely stationary, and the former more or less permanent." "Is not England more attached to its navy than its army?"—"The navy is certainly considered as its more natural, essential and effectual defence; but the army will sometimes raise its head very high, and be regarded with a rival favour when it is crowned, as it so often is, with laurels: such a field as that of Waterloo can hardly find adequate gratitude in the hearts of Englishmen." To this observation Napoleon made no reply, nor did he give an unpleasant look:—But he changed the subject.

(To be continued.)

BIBLE ELOQUENCE.

To a friend we are indebted for a pamphlet containing the following interesting and eloquent Speech. It was delivered on the 5th of December last at the Anniversary Meeting of the Bible Society at New-Castle, (Eng.) by THOMAS KNOTT, a native of Ireland, a member of the Society of Friends, and not nineteen years of age.—The Publisher of the Speech remarks, that "the audience unequivocally testified their astonishment at the brilliancy of language, novelty of matter, and comprehensive powers of so young a man—*Com. Adv.*

UNACCUSTOMED as I am to speak in a public assembly, it is, worthy Chairman, with embarrassed feelings upon this important occasion that I obtrude myself on your attention—When I find myself in the presence of this numerous and respectable meeting, and see around me so many superior to myself in age, wisdom and acquirement, I am ready to shrink from this public expression of my sentiments, and, silently with yours, to unite my secret aspirations; but under the influence of that feeling which the proceedings of the evening have excited, I address you, and let the cause which I plead be the apology for its humble advocate. It has, my assembled friends, (for all who are friends to the Bible must be friends to each other) fallen to our lot to live in an age unprecedented in the annals of the world; an age pregnant with events which no human calculation could un-

fold, whether we recur to the political phenomena which have appeared in our own hemisphere; those remarkable revolutions which subverted kingdoms, and shook empires to their centre—or to the more widely extended and prosperous efforts of modern philanthropy which have commanded the approbation of an approving world. But, if we cannot recount the numerous offspring of our christian charity, or number the many valuable institutions which do honour to human nature, and exalt the British character, we shall find that one, the most noble in its object, extensive in its operation, beneficial in its tendency, and successful in its efforts, to be the British and Foreign Bible Society; which whether we watched it in its infancy, followed in the rapidity of its progress, or view its extent and grandeur, declares the pointing finger of that superintending Providence, whose restless agency no circumstances can controul, and who gave it birth at the most unexpected and unlikely period. It was not when peace had hushed the tumults of the camp, and opened every port to receive the friendly messenger. No! it was when Europe was in arms, and the tocsin sounded but to summon embattled nations to the sanguinary contest—it was when our national existence was in danger, and the venerable fabric of our religion was assailed by the deadly shafts of infidelity—it was then, that in the capital of the British Empire, this institution was founded which summoned all Christendom to rally round one standard—the Bible? the receptacle of one common faith, no matter under what name we may have been born!—no matter what may be the sentiments of our adoption! Every one who believed in the immortality of the soul, in the necessity of divine revelation, was called upon to unite, protect, and exalt the ark of the new covenant. This grand union did in effect soften that asperity of feeling which so frequently arises from a difference in sentiment, and brought into action those sympathies of our nature which *creed* and *party* have had the

never failing tendency to extinguish. This institution, for healing in its principles, flourished under the auspices of princes, under the patronage of the senate, the pulpit, and the judgment seat; it roused the dormant energies of every class of the community, from the royal inhabitant of the palace to the inmate of the humble cottage; it took root in the British soil, and made the inhabitable world the sphere of its exertions; it knew no geographical boundaries—its limits were the circumference of the globe. The simplicity of the design was compatible with its importance—to circulate the sacred volume without any exposition, leaving every man to put his own construction upon the text, and to exercise the rights of an unshackled judgment. There was, indeed, a time when sober enquiry was deemed heresy, and the Bible was accessible only to the learned; when the immortal Wickliffe appeared to develop those great principles of the reformation, which have, through the progressive stages of society to the present, extended the borders of the true church, and enlarged the boundaries of civil and religious freedom. After him Knox arose, the northern star of Britain, to shine through that thick darkness which obscured the moral and religious world; in his presence superstition trembled!—at his touch, the fog of ignorance vanished as the mist before the morning ray. Oh! were they present (but I trust their spirit breathes in this assembly) they would combine with yours their efforts for the universal circulation of the Bible—that Book to which we all appeal for the validity of our doctrines, and which, if we admit the united sufferage of the pious and learned, for the importance of the history, and the beauty of its language, the purity of its precepts, the dignified simplicity of its doctrine, but above all, its claim to a divine origin—may be characterised as the matchless volume of morality and religion. Yet there are to be found some in disguise, and others in open array, ready with unhallowed hands to pull down the pillars of the temple, to

take away from the christian voyager his landmark and guide to his destined port, and steal from him that anchor intended as his stay in this troubled sea of life—through all its vicissitudes, thro' all the varied changes of our being, they would rob the orphan of his hopes, and the widow of the only balm she has to mingle with her sorrows; would destroy her confidence in those promises which are as consoliatory as the oil and wine of the good Samaritan; as universal as the vivifying sun-beam on creation. But of the practical consequences of their baneful principles we have, in a neighboring nation a melancholy example: there the sacred name of liberty was stamped upon anarchy and confusion—there, every social bond was broken, and the savage yell of murder drowned the piercing cry of innocence. Let the guillotine, stained with life's crimson current, let it bear witness, let the royal assassin, with his hands imbrued in the blood of his unfortunate monarch, let that bear testimony; though even in this life he was visited with retributive justice, and let not the words of the unhappy Louis be forgotten; "to retain my Bible I would resign my crown." But will they, (wandering themselves in the mazes of scepticism) still tell you that you are leading mankind into error and delusion? To these disciples of a false prophet I would reply, we will not quit the terra-firma of experience and observation, if the doctrines which the Bible contains are not true, their dissemination will enable a greater number to detect their fallacy, and condemn their import.

But let us take another view, and see the efficacy of those principles which the Bible inculcates, and which promote order and happiness, which are suited to every station in life, and every stage of being in this probationary state of existence. When the unrelenting justice of her country brought Lady Jane Grey to the scaffold—when youth was no apology, and she had to atone with her life for an act which, though illegal originated in filial affection—in that trying hour, when she had to exchange

the royal mantle for a shroud, and the palace for a sepulchre, it was the benign spirit of christianity which enabled her to look with tranquil eye upon her passport to eternity, and even to bless the hand that ushered her within the portals of the invisible world; while she taught an impressive lesson, and gave an indubitable evidence of the efficacy of her religious principles to those she left behind, to weep over the untimely tomb of virtue, beauty and innocence. The magnanimous Lord Strafford, who fell a victim to the violence of the times, when he was led to the public execution, followed by his helpless smiling children, it was the benign spirit of christianity which inspired him with resignation to meet his hapless fate, and endued him with a fortitude unknown to the stoicism of the Greek, the stern virtue of the Roman, or the obduracy and blind devotion of a Druid Priesthood. The benign spirit breathes in that religion which has supported its votaries thro' every voluntary suffering, and enabled them to triumph even in the agonies of death; which has commanded the proselyte to embrace its principles on the very spot where it was sealed with the dying testimony of its martyred followers. Not those only who loll upon the velvet couch, and enjoy all that art and luxury can furnish to make them happy, share in its consolations; in the humbler walks of life, it is a companion to the poor and the destitute. Have you not seen the tear trickle down the furrowed cheek of age, on the perusal of the sacred volume? Have you not seen, when the head rolled upon a death-bed pillow, and the fluttering spirit was about to quit its clayed tenement, a ray of hope light the poor man through the chambers of death to a more permanent and quiet habitation? Yes, you have seen the profligate, who had added to the follies of youth the vices of a more mature age, reclaimed to live in that life, and hope in that immortality, which has been brought to light by the gospel; and those passions, which unbridled and let loose in society, lay waste the path of life, under the

regulating influence of christian principles, give vigour to our efforts, and vitality to our moral being. If these principles be taught in the Bible, the circulation of the Bible be the sole object of this catholic institution, who can remain an idle spectator of the scene---who will not enter into this vineyard and work ?

(To be concluded next week.)

TIGER HUNTING IN INDIA.

The following account of a most extraordinary adventure, that occurred some time since in a Tiger hunt, was given in the last Hurkura.

Tiger hunt: Presence of mind.—July 6, 1816. "On the march of our detachment from Louton to Bulrampore, to join general Wood, we arrived at our first ground of encampment, about 8 A. M. Soon after our arrival, the Zumeendar of the village came to us to complain, that a Tiger had taken up his quarters in the vicinity, and committed daily ravages amongst the cattle; he had also killed several villagers, and had that morning wounded the son of the Zumeendar. On this information, lieut. Colnett, capt. Robertson, and Dr. Hamilton, mounted their Elephants, and proceeded to dislodge the animal. They soon discovered the object of their search; lieut. Colnett's Elephant being a little in advance, was attacked by him; the other Elephants turned round and ran off to a short distance. The Tiger had sprung upon the shoulder of lieut. Colnett's elephant, who in that situation fired at him, and he fell. Conceiving him to be disabled, lieut. Colnett descended from the elephant, for the purpose of dispatching him with his pistols, but in alighting he came in contact with the Tiger, which had only couched for a second spring, and which, having caught hold of him by the thigh, dragged him some distance, along the ground—Having succeeded in drawing one of a brace of pistols from his belt, lieut. Colnett fired, and lodged a ball in the body of the Tiger, when the beast becoming enraged, shook him

violently without letting go his hold, and made off towards the thickest part of the jungle, with his prey. In the struggle to free himself from the clutches of the animal, Colnett caught hold of him by both ears, and succeeded after some time, in throwing the beast on his side, when he availed himself of this momentary release to draw forth the remaining pistol, and clapping the muzzle to the breast of the Tyger, shot him through the heart. He then returned to his elephant, which he mounted without assistance, feeling at the moment little pain from his wounds, of which he had received no fewer than five and twenty, between the knee and the groin, many of them severe. I understand, he has ever since continued to suffer from the consequences of the conflict, and that he has lost the motion of that knee, which was the seat of the principal injury."—*Calcutta Times*.

VARIETY.

A queer epitaph!—On a tomb stone in Lime, there was, a few years since, and perhaps is at this time, the following epitaph, said to be written by the person for whom it was inscribed:

"A deacon, aged 58--58,
On earth no more is sarvin,
He for a crown no longer wates,
Lime's Captain, Renald Marvin."

Tradition says that the above captain Marvin, when young, courted one Betty Lee, a handsome hearty lass, whose father was violently opposed to the match. Every probable measure was undertaken to mollify the old gentleman, but all in vain. The young folks were as obstinate as the old one, and determined to have their own way. As in those good old times none could be matrimonially fettered without a previous manifesto, either from the mouth of the minister, or nailed on the door of the meeting-house; they made choice of the latter method, and Renald wrote the following stanza, which was nailed as aforesaid:

"Renald Marvin, Betty Lee,
Do both intend to marry ;
And though her dad opposed be,
No longer can they tarry."

Tradition further says, that the poetical abilities thus displayed, had such an effect on dad, that he shortly after consented that Renald and Betty should become one flesh.

Zebulon Rockway, of Lime, calls on his creditors in the following good humoured style.

"*Wants*.---Perhaps there is no word better understood than *want*, for "all persons have their wants." Some want a new governor in Connecticut, some want to continue the old one ; some want petty offices, (if they cannot get better,) some want such to be disappointed ; some want wives, and some want to get rid of them ; some want one thing, and some want another.--For my own part, I want my pay of those who owe me ; the reason is, my creditors want their pay of me, and I want to pay them. The lawyers want business, and they may want for all me, if those indebted to me will settle their accounts by the first of next month ; but if they do not settle by that time, I shall think they want to be sued, and *WANT* will compel me to supply such wants without further notice.

ST. CECILIA AND ST. CATHERINE.

St. Cecilia was the patroness of music, which had been the occasion of painters and sculptors frequently representing her as playing on the organ, and sometimes on the harp. By Raphael she has been represented as singing, with a regal in her hands ; and by Dominichino and Mignard, singing and playing on the harp. She has been honoured as a martyr ever since the fifth century, and her story, as transcribed from the Notaries of the Romish Church into the Golden Legend, and other books of that kind, is very curious. The tradition that she excelled in music, and that an angel was enamoured of her melody, is beautifully expressed by two of

the best English poets : Dryden in his *Alexander's Feast*, and Pope in his *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, viz :

"At last, divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and art unknown
before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

DRYDEN.

"Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is given ;
His numbers rais'd a shade from Hell,
Her's lift the soul to Heaven."

POPE.

Saint Catherine is related to have suffered martyrdom on a wheel armed with spikes and traversed with a sword, which accounts for her being represented in pictures as leaning on a wheel. A sign called the Catherine Wheel is still in being over some public houses, with the above representation.

OPENING OF THE SEVEN SEALS.

Our readers will be gratified to learn that Mr. West is painting on an extensive scale his much admired sketch of the Opening of the Seven Seals, or Death on the Pale Horse. The figures are larger than life. The subject belongs to the terrible sublime ; the head of Death, nearly finished, is most expressive of that character, and forms the key to the whole picture. From the arrangement adopted by this great artist we have every reason to anticipate a work equal in sublimity and energy to any of his former productions.

Mr. West is likewise engaged upon a composition which is intended to be painted upon glass for the beautiful new church of Mary-le-bone. The subject is the angel announcing the birth of our Saviour, and the heavenly host singing, Glory to God in the highest, &c. This composition is equally beautiful and appropriate, and when finished cannot fail to prove uncommonly attractive.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

ODE TO THE DIETY.

Look gently down Almighty grace,
Prison me round in thy embrace,
Pity the heart that would be thine,
And let thy power, my love confine.

ROWE.

FATHER of Spirits! much this soul doth
owe,
For all thy blessings, which forever flow;
For which, I bow, with reverence to thy
name,
And humbly trust, thou hast not blest in
vain:

But oh this flesh, so faint and erring still,
Walks not consistent with the spirit's will;
Fain, would I lead it in thy paths of light,
And urge to conquest, in the glorious fight,
See the bright radiance, of the God-head
shine,

And bind this heart, a willing captive thine.
In meek devotion's pure and holy hour,
When all my soul attests thy sovereign
power,

I lift the veil, which hides thee from my
sight,

And feel the influence of thy glorious light:
I see surrounded by the Angelic host,
A mighty God, the christian's pride, and
boast;

I see bright union, thro' thy realms divine,
One wreath of love, encircling thee, and
thine:

No cares, no doubts, thy kingdom free from
pain,

Sees light, and life, advance, a joyous train.
I turn to earth, and mark a change severe,
Instead of joy, a vale, bedimm'd with tears:
Misery, and want, in tatter'd robes array'd,
And half the world enwrap'd in sorrow's
shade.

Grant some few joys, e'en them, the hour
of death,

Proclaims as fleeting, transient, as our breath;
And bids us turn to where our bliss is sure,
To him, who was, and will be, evermore.
Then Father, wash me in thy Lamb's pure
blood,

And bind my heart, 'subserving to my God:'
From fading joys, my willing spirit wean,
And if thou wilt, oh thou, "canst make me
clean."

ELLA.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

TO MISS *** *****

ON HEARING THAT SHE WAS ABOUT
LEAVING AMERICA.

ERE warring winds and swelling sails, away,
To wilds remote, beneath the southern
skies.

With envious speed, Eliza shall convey,
(Perhaps forever sever'd from my eyes.)

With softened soul, to friendship's sacred
shrine,

Thou dear, departing maid! with me re-
pair:

There let me bind my faithful soul to thine,
And tender, firm, eternal friendship swear.

Vain were the prayer, that perfect bliss
might go,

The sweet companion of your lonely road,
Too well, oh heaven! too well, I know
Proud bliss no earthly landscape ever trod.

Bliss is a holy power, of heavenly birth,
That midst the stars hath fixt her bright
abode,

Nor did ev'n deign, to pay this humble earth
A transient visit, with the Son of God.

But may the sun-shine of the soul within,
That dignity of conscious virtue, still
That shines with winning lustre thro' thy
mein,

Repulse all foes to peace, they cannot kill.

May Magic Fancy's soft illusive power,
Transform to pleasure each unjoyous scene,
Make every cave a grot, each shade a bower,
Perfume each gale, and brighten every
green.

CHARLES.

TO H***** W*****

IN a far distant land I have left a sweet rose
A blossom unfolding its exquisite ray;
More lovely than morning it timidly glows,
And fairer its blush than the rich bloom
of May.

I fear that another, enamoured may view it,
May steal it away from its fond parent
stem;

That in absence some fortunate lover may
 woo it,
 And I sigh when I think of the beautiful
 gem.

To the shade where the floweret is destin'd
 to flourish,
 On the wings of affection I hastily fly ;
 For what is there sweeter than fondly to
 nourish,
 What is dear to the heart, what is fair to
 the eye.

O leave not the bower, sweet rose, till I
 come,
Hope whispers, thy blossoms I again shall
 survey ;
 My bosom, believe me, was form'd for thy
 home,
 O leave not the bower till it bears thee
 away !

THE SORROW OF MEMORY.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

The following lines portray the anguish of forsaken love, and the language of poetical truth.

In vain to me the howling deep
 Stern Winter's awful reign discloses ;
 In vain shall Summer's zephyrs sleep
 On fragrant beds of budding roses ;
 To me alike each scene appears,
 Since thou hast broke my heart, or nearly ;
 While Mem'ry writes, in frequent tears,
 That I have lov'd thee *very dearly* !

How many Summers pass'd away !
 How many Winters sad and dreary !
 And still I taught thee to be gay,
 Whene'er thy soul of life was weary :
 When lingering sickness wrung thy breast,
 And bow'd thee to the earth severely,
 I strove to lull thy mind to rest ;
 For then I lov'd thee,—Oh, *how dearly* !

And though the flush of joy no more
 Shall, o'er my cheek its lustre throwing,
 Bid giddy fools that cheek adore,
 And talk of passions ever glowing,—
 Still to thy mind should time impart
 A charm to bid it feel sincerely ;
 Nor idly wound a breaking heart
 That lov'd thee long, and *lov'd thee dearly*.

Could gold thy truant fancy bind,—
 A faithful heart would still content me ;
 For, oh ! to serve that heart unkind,
 I gave thee all that fortune lent me !
 In youth, when suitors round me press'd,
 Who vowed to love, and 'love sincerely,'
 When wealth could never charm my breast,
 Tho' thou wert poor, I *lov'd thee dearly*.

Seek not the fragil dreams of love :
 Such fleeting phantoms will deceive thee ;
 They will but transient idols prove,—
 In wealth beguile, in sorrow leave thee,
 Ah ! dost thou hope the sordid mind,
 When thou art poor, will feel sincerely ?
 Wilt thou in such the friendship find,
 Which warm'd the heart that *lov'd thee dearly* ?

Though fickle passions cease to burn
 For Her, so long thy bosom's treasure,
 Ah ! think that reason may return
 When far from thee my pains I measure ;
 Say, who will then thy conscience heal ?
 Or who will bid thy heart beat cheerly ?
 Or from that heart the moments steal
 Of Her who lov'd thee *truly—dearly*.

When war shall rouse the bloody storm,
 And horrors haunt thy thorny pillow,
 When Fancy shall present my form,
 Borne on the wild and restless billow ;
 Oh ! where wilt thou an helpmate find,
 Whose heart, like mine, shall throb sincerely ?

Or who thy heart in spells shall bind,
 When Her's is broke that *lov'd thee dearly* ?

When thou contending throngs shall court,
 Where party zeal has often crown'd thee ;
 Perchance, of Fortune's frowns the sport,
 Caprice, or cold neglect may wound thee ;
 Then wilt thou find no gen'rous heart
 To bid thee bear misfortune cheerly ;
 No friend in grief, to share a part
 Like Her who lov'd thee long and *dearly* !

Could I to distant regions stray,
 From thee my thoughts would never
 wander ;

For, at the purpling close of day,
 By some lone vagrant rill's meander—
 Each wand'ring bee, each chilling wind,
 Would tell the heart that's broken nearly,
 In them, where'er they rove, to find
 The faults of him I lov'd so *dearly* !

I will not court thy fickle love—

Soon shall the fates our fortunes sever :
Far from thy sight will I remove,

And smiling sigh, ' adieu for ever !'
Give to the sordid friends thy days—

Still trust that they will act sincerely—
And when the specious mask decays,
Lament the heart that *lov'd thee dearly*.

For Time will swiftly journey on,
And Age with sickness haste to meet thee,
Friends prov'd deceitful will be gone,

When they no more with smiles can cheat
thee,

Then wilt thou seek in vain to find

A faithful heart that beats sincerely—

A passion, cent'ring in the mind,
Which, scorning interest, *lov'd thee dearly?*

When in the grave this heart shall sleep,
No soothing dreams will bless thy slum-
ber ;

For thou wilt often wake to weep,
And in despair my sorrows number !

My shade will haunt thine aching eyes,

My voice in whispers tell thee clearly,

How cold, at last, that bosom lies

Which *lov'd thee long*, and *lov'd thee dearly!*

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1817.

Intelligence.



A Brussel paper states that some of Bonaparte's partizans in France attempted to carry on a correspondence with him by means of a magnificent muslin dress, which was sent as a present to Madame Bertrand, the embroidered flowers and figures of which were hieroglyphical characters.

Four thousand women, among others, are said to be employed on the fortifications of Tournay, France, wheeling earth in barrows.

The report of the Comptroller of the city and county of New-York, just published, states, that \$ 471,047 have been expended in city expences, during the last year, ending the 12th ult. and that

\$ 483,011 have been received during said term ;—of course that a balance remains in the treasury of \$ 11,004.—Among the items of expense are \$90,886 for the support of the Alms-house, and \$30,000 for building the new Alms-house.

Fatal duel.—On Monday afternoon, lieut. Heath and ———, a midshipman, met at Hoboken, to settle a dispute with pistols ; and we are sorry to have to add, that the former fell at the first fire, and immediately expired.—We have not heard any particulars either of the quarrel or the meeting.—*E. Post.*

A dreadful accident happened on the 4th May last, on board the Steam Boat Constitution, on her passage from Natchez to New-Orleans, by the bursting of the boiler, by which 11 persons (all that were in the cabin at breakfast) were scalded to death. The capt. of the boat, the engineer, and one or two sailors, in the after part of the boat, were the only persons that escaped uninjured.

Spots on the Sun are again talked of ; and the weather for the last fortnight in particular, has been uncommonly cold for the season. Accounts from Geneva in this state, says, that on the 28th ult. snow fell for several hours, and completely covered the earth. However, from the late seasonable supply of rain, and the naturally expected warm weather, no doubt but we shall be blessed with abundant crops.

A very extensive body of Marl has, within a short period, been found on the bank of the Delaware, near the village of Bordenton, New-Jersey, which is used with the greatest success as a manure for potatoes, Indian corn, vegetables generally, and equally as good for clover, and other grass fields, as Plaster of Paris.—Any quantity can be had delivered on board a vessel, at the rate of one dollar a ton.

Fossil Bones.—A few days since were disinterred at Chester, Orange County, N. Y. a number of bones of the Mam-

moth. They are of a very large size, and exceed in magnitude the bones of the same species of animal procured some years since by Mr. Peale of Philadelphia, where the same are now exhibited as a wonderful phenomenon. A number of these bones have been brought to N. York, and are deposited among the collections of the Lyceum at the New-York Institution.—*Mer. Adv.*

Mr. Clymer, the ingenious inventor of a valuable improvement in the Printing Press, went a passenger in the ship *Electra*, capt. Williams, from this port, for London. We understand, he carried with him one of his newly improved Presses, with an intention to offer it as a present to the Emperor Alexander of Russia.—Mr. Clymer's improvement is unknown in Europe, and we hope, and indeed have but little doubt, that the expences of his visit to that enlightened and liberal part of the world, will be handsomely remunerated.—*Philadelphia paper.*

Phenomenon.—A Charleston paper of the 25th ult. says, that on Saturday night the 17th, a large ball of fire, (or meteor,) was seen in the upper part of St. John's, Berkley, about 50 or 60 miles from town. Soon after its first appearance, it was heard to explode with a noise, at first, like the discharge of a heavy piece of ordnance; and afterwards emitting a sound similar to a volley of musketry. The explosion was heard at a distance of 25 or 30 miles from the spot where the light was most brilliant. It is probable we shall soon hear of a fall of meteoric stones having been discovered in the neighbourhood of St. John's.

Since writing the above, we have conversed with a gentleman recently from Sumterville, who informs, that whilst travelling homewards, about 8 miles from town, he distinctly heard the above explosion; and that a loud rumbling noise followed, of 2 or 4 minutes duration. This noise was also distinctly heard in Sumter, about one hundred miles distant. Most persons

who heard it, compare the sound to the blowing up of a magazine; and apprehensions were entertained in the country, that some vessel or magazine had exploded in town.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED,

By the rev. Mr. Feltus, Dr. Charles Loring, to Miss Sarah Elmer.

By the rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. Henry Hastings, to Miss Susan Huggett, eldest daughter of Mr. Sigismund Huggett, deceased of this city.

By the right rev. bishop Hobart, Dr. John P. Cox, of Rhinebeck, to Miss Emilie Vache, daughter of Mr. John Vache, of this city.

By the same, Mr. Alexander Fleming, to Miss Emma Seton Atkinson, daughter of John Atkinson, esq.

By the rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Robert Shankland, of this city, to Miss Sally Broadbent Halsey, of Long Island.

By the rev. Mr. Thatcher, Mr. William Hallet, to Miss Welhelmina Sophia Fredericks, both of this city.

OBITUARY.

The City Inspector reports the death of 93 persons in this City, from the 17th to the 31st ult.

DIED,

Mr. John W. Richards, aged 31.

Mr. Jeremiah Warner, aged 54.

Mr. James R. Smith, merchant, aged 61.

Mrs. Catherine Brown, aged 65.

Mrs. Eliza Hubbell, wife of Mr. Anson Hubbell.

Mr. John M'Sweeny, aged 33.

At Brooklyn, Thomas Morehouse, esq. a native of England.

At Boston, William Burdick, late editor of the Boston Evening Gazette.

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At Four Dollars per Annum.

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NEW-YORK THEATRE.

No. V.

Wednesday, May 28.

Wives as they were; Maids as they are—*Matrimony*—*Broken Sword*.—Mrs. Barnes' Benefit.—This evening we had a specimen of theatrical talents that would have done honor to any stage.

Mrs. Barnes in particular excited uncommon admiration, and I believe that each individual, present, felt no small degree of pleasure in contributing his share to the support of so distinguished and accomplished an actress.

Mr. Jones in the character of a sea captain with his usual discrimination wore small clothes.

Friday May 30.

Lovers' Vows—*Day after the wedding*—*The Apprentice*.—Mr. Robbins' Benefit.—In selecting the *Lover's Vows* for representation we may observe the same assiduous attention to our morals, of which we have already had specimens in the different plays of the *Stranger*, *School for Scandal*, &c. &c.

Saturday, May 31.

Pizarro—*Children in the Wood*.—Mr. Simpson as Rolla, performed his part extremely well, except only that he allows his voice to sink quite too much at the end of every sentence. In the last scene Alonzo, observes Rolla, thou art wounded! much in the same manner that he would say---it is a rainy day, sir. A certain High priest in this play "turns up his eye like a duck in thunder;" it would methinks be quite as decorous if he would con-descend to give a glance or two at the *first row* of boxes.

As the majority of the audience laboured under a grievous mistake, with respect to the great Pizarro, in imagining, from the violent contortions of his countenance, that he was afflicted with a villanous tooth ache: I must beg leave to observe that the Don's intention was to represent his mental anguish by certain twists of his Proboscis, which if not understood at the time, I hope this explanation will render perfectly intelligible.

MASTRIX.

FORTITUDE.

One of the most singular circumstances, recorded in the history of accidents, occurred in Middlebury, state of N. York, on the 16th inst. The subject is as follows: Artemas Shattuck, on that day, in a piece of chopping that he was clearing, felled a tree across a stump, in which situation it remained, the top however buoyed up the butt; while thus suspended, he undertook to cut the tree in two near the stump upon which it was lodged, and while standing upon it for that purpose, he cut so much more upon the upper than the under part of the tree that the weight of the butt caused it to split, and at the instant of the greatest vibration or separation of the several parts, his foot slipped into the cavity of the opening timber, and remained firmly fixed as in a vice; he fell immediately backwards, in which fall he lost his axe, but soon recovered a position that enabled him to hold upon the tree by one hand, while by the other he drew out his pocket knife and cut a limb with a hook attached to it, with the intention of drawing up the axe and cutting the tree to liberate his foot, but soon found his efforts fruitless. He next tried to break his leg, as that would have enabled him to turn his body in a position to sit upon the tree and wait the lingering hour of assistance; but his position prevented even the gratification of this harsh relief—Finding his strength failing fast, and no prospect of timely relief, (as no human assistance was within three quarters of a mile) he adopted the only alternative that remained of saving himself from the hard and horrible death of expiring while suspended in the air, with his head down, and his feet up:—With his pen-knife he deliberately severed his foot from his leg at the ankle joint, and on his hands and knees bent his course for home. In this posture he crawled a full half mile before his calls for assistance were heard, and twice had to deviate several rods from a direct line to a rivulet to quench his raging thirst. We are happy to state that he is likely to do well.—*Rep. Ad.*